

E. M. T. H. S.

# BOOSTER



SENIOR ISSUE  
CLASS *of* JUNE, 1919





To K. V. Ammerman, whose years of unobtrusive but unceasing service, both as athletic manager and as adviser and instructor, have won our sincere admiration, this Senior Booster of the class of June '19 is affectionately dedicated.

Mr. Ammerman



Our popular manager of the athletics of the school, and head of our Commercial Department, K. V. Ammerman, was born on a farm in Huntington County, Indiana, in the year 1880.

Most of his education was received in Indiana schools. After having completed courses in a number of schools of the state, he became a teacher. After teaching for a time, he took a post-graduate course in Marion Normal College, and a penmanship course in the Zanerian School in Ohio. Mr. Ammerman was fitted by his education and experience to fill most satisfactorily the position of head of the Commercial Department of our own E. M. T. H. S.

Before coming to Manual in 1911, Wabash High School had him as the head of its Commercial Department.

In 1911, however, he became a member of our faculty for the first time. As head of a department here he has done much to make Manual known not only for the athletics and speakers it produces, but also for its able graduates trained in real business methods and practice. There is no need now, as there probably was at one time, for a high school graduate

### June Class Plays

This year's class departed from the usual custom of giving one long class play and presented instead two shorter plays, "The Merry, Merry Cuckoo," and "The Gift." The four performances, at three and eight p. m., Thursday and Friday, May 22 and 23, were attended by audiences which taxed the capacity of the school auditorium.

"The Merry, Merry Cuckoo," a simple drama of Welch peasant life from the pen of Margaret Douglas Rogers, included a cast of five with Marcia Orme and Thomas Gallagher as Annie and David Dalben in the leading roles. Other members of the cast were Robert Kryter who took the part of Mor-

(Continued on page 3.)

to enter a business college; for the same thing that is taught in business colleges is taught in our own school by competent teachers. Antiquated methods are not known in this department. It is up to date and is supervised by an up-to-date man.

But the great popularity Mr. Ammerman has, has not been gained in the class room alone. Many of us have never come in contact with him in the class room, yet we all know of him through his connection with the athletic teams of our institution. As business manager of our teams we can see the evidence of his work. Himself a clean-playing and clean-living athlete, he (together with our coaches) has instilled into the players the love of clean sports and the disapproval of unfair playing. This is the policy that will win out, and which has won out this year as never before.

As students we are probably inclined to consider the members of our faculty as teachers only; we seem to forget that they, like ourselves, have homes. In Mr. Ammerman's home there are two children, John and Ellen, who, we hope, when they grow up, will come to Manual and perhaps be athletes and feel the fine spirit that their father has instilled in the student body.

We are much more than glad to boast that Mr. Ammerman is a thorough Hoosier; and we think it entirely fitting and proper that an Indiana man, educated in Indiana schools, should stand as head of the Commercial Department of the best high school in Indiana.



## Class Poem

By Anna Cowen

I ain't a-goin' to cry no more, no more,  
 I'm 'ist so tired I 'ist had to bawl,  
 'An John Bane Stickle is so tall  
 'At I stretched my neck

A-tryin' to see on which side he parted  
 his hair,  
 'Nen it wasn't parted! Shoot the  
 luck!  
 But I ain't a-goin' to cry no more,  
 no more.

We all want on the honor-roll,  
 But we're afeard o' bein' jeered at  
 For carryin' books, and we are sceered  
 That we might miss a real good time  
 By stayin' home a-studyin' and never  
 goin' out  
 'An nen we cram for tests, 'an get  
 bawled out,  
 But I ain't agoin' to cry no more, no  
 more.

Frank Cox has willed evethin' we got  
 to someone else,  
 'An Pauline Lewis has told all about  
 us  
 'An Craw Barker has made of our  
 futures a muss,  
 But Newton Dodge just lets 'em do  
 it.  
 Some of us is sensitive, too, Gol  
 blame it!  
 An it hurts our feelin's it does.  
 But I ain't a-goin to cry no more, no  
 more.

There's a case 'tween John Rice and  
 Ruth Smock  
 'An they meet in the hall 'an just  
 talk 'an talk.  
 'An Byron Mathews goes around  
 lookin' like soured cream  
 'Cause soon he can't yell,  
 But will have to keep still  
 'An act like other civilized folks,  
 he will.  
 But I ain't a-goin' to cry no more, no  
 more.

'Oo' I'm 'ist heart-sick, 'an I feel so  
 bad  
 I guess the whole June '19 class is  
 sad;  
 'An I 'ist can't help but cry, 'an can  
 you believe it,  
 Our own Emmerich Manual we soon  
 must leave?  
 'An I 'ist can't help but grieve 'an  
 grieve,  
 'An—oh-my-oh I'm a-startin' again,  
 But I won't, for shure; I 'ist ain't goin'  
 to cry no more!

## Benny's Farewell to June Class

Fellow Classmates:

It is but natural for me to feel my  
 own self importance and self insuffi-  
 ciency on this momentous and dire-  
 ful occasion; but as I seldom have  
 recourse to the absurdity of apologiz-  
 ing, I will continue to proceed with  
 my discourse. Classmates, you are  
 going out into a great reservoir of  
 Roman liberty. You are to swing the  
 flails of justice over this immense uni-  
 verse, in hydraulic majesty and con-  
 jugal superfluity. You are the mag-  
 nificent triumphal arch on which will  
 evaporate the even scales of justice  
 and numerical computation. You are  
 to ascend the deep arcana of nature  
 and dispose of world problems with  
 equiponderating concatenation, in ref-  
 erence to the future velocity and re-  
 verberating momentum.

Such are your sedative and stimu-  
 lating characters. You are all people  
 of domestic eccentricity and matri-  
 monial configuration, not permitted, as  
 many are, to walk in the primeval  
 and lowest vales of society; but you  
 must endure the red hot sun of the  
 universe on the heights of nobility  
 and feudal eminence. You will no  
 doubt all have beautiful wives, or hus-  
 bands of horticultural propensities,  
 who will henpeck you the rest of your  
 days with soothing and bewitching  
 verbosity. You will no doubt all

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[Continued on page 4.]

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ris, the young minister, and Rose Ruffi  
 and Paul Stanley as Lowry and Guto  
 Prichard.

"The Gift," the larger and more pre-  
 tentious of the two plays, is based  
 on the story of Pandora and the box.  
 The leading parts were taken by Mar-  
 garet Lostutter as Pandora and Burke  
 Robison, who played the part of Epi-  
 metheus. One of the most attractive  
 features of the production was the  
 dance of the Muses, a fantastic in-  
 terpretation arranged and staged un-  
 der the direction of Miss Anna Smith.

The musical score of both plays was  
 arranged and partly written by Mr.  
 Winslow. Much credit for the success  
 of the plays is due to Miss Perkins,  
 who had entire charge of their pro-  
 duction.

# THE BOOSTER

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## Booster Committee.

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Crawford Barker.....Art Editor  
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Benjamin Jordan.....Personal Editor  
Robt. O'Conner...Asst. Personal Editor  
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Morna Pellam.....Stenographer  
Helen Carter .....Stenographer  
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## FACULTY ADVISORS.

Miss Eleanor P. Wheeler, Miss Elizabeth Hench, Edward Holloway.

## EDITORIALS

In considering the achievements of the year past, let us begin with basketball. Our team easily won the sectional and then went to the state tournament. In this we were defeated by the state champions. Five members of the team are June seniors.

Next, Manual triumphed over her competitors in the district and state discussion contests. The winner of these contests is a June senior. Along this line, the debating team, composed for the most part of seniors, broke even by winning one debate and losing one.

Our track team next in line, won the sectional meet and finished third in the state, being nosed out by the narrow margin of one-third of a point. This team also had as a nucleus a group of seniors.

The Roines and Masoma clubs have accomplished a great deal this year. With all these facts, who can doubt that JUNE, '19, is peer of them all?

## Credit for Booster?

For the first time in history, the members of the Booster Staff have received credit for the work done. Is this fair?

First, what is the Booster? Is it not a school project, like athletics or debating? Should there be credit the Booster work?

Track is as hard, if not harder, than the Booster work. For the latter the student receives credit, for the former he does not. If credit is given for one, why not give credit for both? If the students have too little pride to work for the school without credit, they should not be allowed to stay within its walls.

With this issue, Volume twenty-one of the Booster is brought to a close. Next year there will be a complete change of staff, with Walton Cash at the head. Because we have had experience along the Booster line, we bespeak for Walton your hearty co-operation.

(Continued from page 2)

have families of domestic children who will gather round you in your peaceful homicides in tumultudinous consanguinity.

Sometime, seated in some lovely retreat in the back yard, beneath the shadowy shades of an umbrageous tree, you will gather round you your wife or husband and the rest of your orphan children. You will there take a retrospective view upon the diagram of futurity, and cast your eye like a flashing meteor forward into the past. Seated in their midst, aggravated and exhaled by the dignity and independence coincident with honorable poverty, your countenances irrigated with intense glows of self-deficiency and excommunicated knowledge, you will quietly turn to instruct your little assemblages. You will endeavor to distill into their minds, useless lessons to guard their juvenile youths against immortality.

There, on a clear sunny evening, when the silvery moon is shining forth in all her indulgence and ubiquity, you will teach them the first sediments of geometry, by pointing out to them the bear, the lion, and many other fixed invisible consternations which are continually revolving in their bearings, through the blue cerulean fundamus above. From this

(Continued on page 9)

# Athletics

By Frank Cox

## Athletics During the Year—1918-19.

In an article published in the first edition of the Booster last fall, two sectional winning teams (in basketball and track) were predicted for Manual's athletic card during the present school year. Last Saturday, running true to form, the track squad fulfilled this prophecy by winning the sectional track meet at the fair grounds; for earlier in the spring the basketball team had accomplished its end of the program.

So in reviewing the athletics of the school year one can easily see that to date they have been extremely successful; never in the school's history have there been two sectional winning teams in any one season.

Basket ball opened up with a rush last fall, there being 219 boys enrolled in the various monogram teams. Due to the enforced "Flu" vacation the league games were never finished, but a squad of 23 was picked from the showings made, which comprised the state team basket ball squad. The regular schedule opened the 8th of November and lasted until the team was eliminated at the State Tourney in the second round of play the 9th of March. Two teams were carried during the entire season and comparative scores show how successful this experiment was. Out of 26 games played by the first team, 18 were won, with the team scoring some 654 points to their opponent's 412. A most remarkable feature of the team's success was the fact that in the local sectional tourney only 7 field baskets were registered by the opposing four teams played. Rice led the season's scoring with 56 field baskets. Conn registered 31 before he left school in January. Secrest rang up 43, Jamison 38, Bybee 37, Keckler 29, O'Connor 16, Wertz 11, Harmeson 8, and Cox 6. The second team also played wonderful ball, winning the city championship by not losing a game to either Shortridge or Tech during the season. They won 9 out of 11 games played, scoring 263 points to their opponents' 129. Out of this squad, a nucleus for another successful school team is left for next season.

## Our Track Team

Newt Dodge tried about every event in track and field work, but majors in the high jump and high hurdles. He had bad luck at the sectional, getting a bad start in the hurdles, and tying for second in the jump, but lost out while jumping off the tie. Newt has other stuff if he gets down and works. We lose him to Purdue this year.

Harry Baldauf is a hard-working man and has had the most successful track season of his career. He shows up best in the high hurdles, high jump and javelin throw. "Baldy" graduates this year.

Frank Messing needs no introduction. He is a star dash man and low hurdler. He, with Frank Garten, won the state meet two years ago. He is going to hum things up over at Illinois next year.

Albert Jamison is young, but he sure steps the 220 and the 100-yard dashes when he is in good condition. He will be back in school next year.

Tubby O'Connor has been at it again; losing iron balls. He sure will be missed next year when the roll is called.

Gardner is a half-miler of no mean ability. He has the right spirit and

Continued on page 8

In reviewing the track season, Manual's winning team has won all her meets, **seven straight**, and has a fair show to place high in the state. There is no team in the state strong enough to defeat the squad in a dual meet because of its even balance in all events in both track and field. While the meet at Richmond was not won because of the lack of phenomenal men on the squad, the fact still remains that Manual has the best balanced track team in the state.

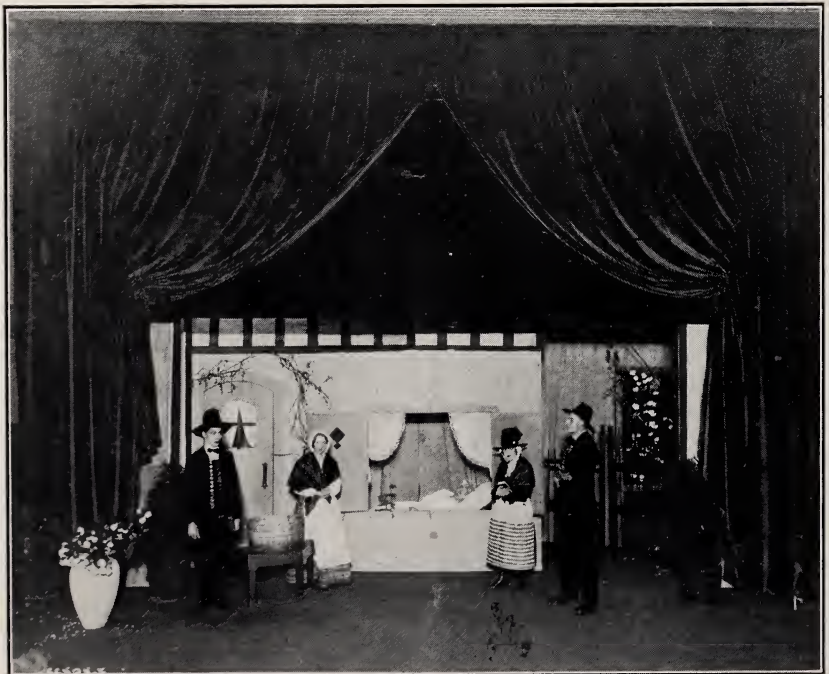
In another week the baseball city championship series will be started at Washington Park, and Manual expects to run true to form by giving the other teams entered something to do if they win over her fighting bunch of ball tossers. So taking our share in the breaks of Dame Fortune, we as a school have had a wonderful athletic school year.



## THE GIFT



## THE MERRY, MERRY CUCKOO







#### Class Play Chatter.

Every time this particular season of the year drags around, it is customary for the Booster grin artists to sling a pint or two of ink about the class play. We kinda forget just what we said on the subject last year, which makes it rather inconvenient, as we'll probably have to think a little.

Class Play is a semi-annual disease which attacks high school students in the second term of their senior year. The first symptoms are sudden and violent attacks of oratory, coupled with ejaculation of such startling exclamations as, "Annie, I hear the cuckoo singin'."

In the more advanced stages of the disease, the victim develops a variety of that well known malady, "Domus Magnus," together with a marked expansion of the respiratory organs. Such attacks, however, are easily checked in their incipency by the application of a little cold water, and are never serious unless accompanied by "writeups" in the papers and great publicity through the Booster.

And now for the final and most serious period: The patient becomes a

victim of alternating chills and fever. Much uneasiness is apparent. He becomes addicted to the use of such exclamations as, "Hazel, is my hair on straight?" and "Gee! wonder if they've got a big crowd tonight?"

He realizes that the time has come to kill or cure. Which it has. We thank you.

Just before the final performance Friday night, somebody switched off the lights in the property room, and when they came on again, Clyde Pierce found, very much to his disgust, that he was holding hands with Elliott Hume. Cheer up, Clyde, it could have been worse. 'Spose, frin-stance, it was Cox or Robison.

Mr. Holloway was at first very much disappointed at the apparent absence of the Welsh rabbit in "The Merry, Merry Cuckoo." He insisted that no Welsh play could be a success without such a decoration, and seemed greatly worried about it until our esteemed friend, Brother Winslow, pointed out the fact that the wig Tom Gallagher was wearing was a genuine Welsh hair.

The slight delay in getting the first

(Continued on page 8)

[Continued from page 5]

if he retains this, he will be a man all Manual will be proud of.

Orville Spear is a scrappy little dash man and hurdler. He works very hard and should cut quite a figure in Athletics.

Hans Geiger has kept right on Tubby's heels in the shot-put. He will be lost through graduation.

Harmeson looks like another Garten in the pole vault; he tries hard, and usually gets there. Next year he will help form the back-bone of Track and Basketball.

"Clint" Whitney is a very speedy dash man and broad jumper. He will be a big help to the track team next year.

"Bill" Stewart is a fighting distance man, and has the grit to hold on and never quit.

Jimmie Sommers leaped into the limelight this year. He can always be depended upon to place in the broad-jump.

Hough's size is quite a bit of a handicap to him, but he makes up for this in determination. He'll stay quite a while in the pole vault.

Sparks, the man with the lusty lungs, makes good use of them in the quarter-mile.

Wurster is a newcomer in track this year. He runs a very good quarter mile. He will develop into a first class track man if he stays with it.

Manual's track season came to a creditable close at Richmond Saturday, May 24, when our boys placed third in the State Track Meet. Crawfordsville won with 16 points. Noblesville nosed out Manual for secondary honors, 9 1-3 to 9. Manual without a doubt could have defeated any other high school in the state, but was without enough stars to win the state meet.

Messing took first in the low hurdles in great style. Harmison placed second in the pole vault, and O'Connor third in the shot-put. Speer was nosed out of a place in the 220 by a very slight margin and all members of the team showed up well. Cox.

(Continued from page 7)

performance under way was due to the fact that Hensley and the rest of the scenery shovers didn't get their make-up on in time.

### Ivy Day Poem

In a great nation, the great U. S. A.  
There is a great school, yes, great every way;

Here Mr. Charles Emmerich first to  
to rule,  
And Emmerich Manual's the name of  
the school.

Miss Beatrice Foy in nineteen and  
nine,  
Started the planting of the small ivy  
vine

So that each class, might do its full  
share

To make the school's walls, more  
green, and fair.

To those two friends, who were ever  
so true:

Our cherished Ivy Day, then, is due.  
Miss Foy, who lived her life for such  
as we,

Charles Emmerich, who gave to us  
ungrudgingly,

Today we have planted our ivy vine,  
O belov'd school, may thou and thine  
Grow like this vine—and work to-  
gether,

And bear all the storms of wind and  
weather.

When these two friends have in si-  
lence long slept,

And the beautiful ivy has upward  
crept,

Thy walls will be wrapt in the ivy  
green,

And their names and works will like-  
wise be seen.

Dear Emmerich Manual for you we  
hold

A love so strong 'twill never grow  
old.

In our lives all these years you have  
had such a place

That the future can never your  
mem'ry efface.

Anna Gowen.

John Stickie, Myron Buker and Frank Cox have incorporated the Woodruff Place Grand Opera Company. As their headliner they will run the famous Agony Four. Signor Birgelleoo Debareroo, Monsieur Ben-nico Jordanisky, Prof. Clarkskey Haleovitch, and Prof. Cecilo Harmonovitz. They will also run Tubberino O'Connor and his banjo-mandolin as a side attraction.

## Ivy Poem

From out the shadows of the earth's  
dark gloom,  
Shall rise, anon, to greet the morning  
sun,  
This Ivy vine, and bursting into bloom  
Rise upward e'er its fight with life  
begun.

Its battle is to scale the schoolhouse  
wall,  
And in its efforts it will never stop,  
Until, when it receives the final call,  
It clings, serene, victorious atop.

How like to this symbolic plant are we  
Who leave behind, eftsoon, our school,  
to view  
A greater world, upon whose form I  
see  
A prophecy of trials and triumphs  
new.

Up from the evening of youthful past,  
We view the sunrise of life's greater  
morn;  
And in its aural light there is fore-  
cast  
A noble hope, of ceaseless effort  
born.

As, on the threshold of a larger day,  
We seek but opportunity to test  
The lessons we have learned, and  
swift essay  
To scale endeavor's bold and rugged  
crest.

And rising ever upward, we full fast  
Shall seize our fair ideals, one by  
one,  
And pledging them to life's best use,  
at last  
Stand conquering on the heights, at-  
tainment won.

Mr. Sanders to Marion Loutt who  
had been called into the office: What  
are you, a senior?

Marion: No, I am a Presbyterian.

Mr. Sanders: Do you know any-  
thing about this affair?

Marion: Nope.

Mr. Sanders: Well then why are  
you standing up here before me?

Marion: Because I have no chair  
to sit down on.

Among famous athletes we must not  
forget Hans Von Geiger, Esq. A. B.  
C.O.D., F.O.B. and D.D.

(Continued from page 4)

vast ethereal you will live with them  
to the very bottom of the unfathom-  
able oceans, bringing up from thence  
liquid treasures of earth and air. You  
will then course with them on the  
imaginable wing of fancy through the  
boundless regions of unimaginable  
imaginable space, until, swelling into  
impalpable immensity, you will be for-  
ever lost in the infinite radication of  
your own overwhelming geniuses. Au  
Revoir. Finis.

Benny Jordan.

Have you noticed the sign on the  
elevation, "Twelve Foot Clearance  
Only?" This was ordered by the city  
council for the benefit of John Bane  
Stickle.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter take great  
pleasure in announcing the engage-  
ment of their daughter, Helen Sisser-  
ino to Dr. Carter Samson Bellenbach,  
M.D., D.D.

Seven "Wonders" of the June Class.  
(Note: Monkey is a synonym for  
wonders)

Tommy Gallagher.

J. Clark Hale.

Benny Jordan.

Cecil Harman.

Crawford Barker.

Vergil Gebauer.

Harold Blank.

Mary Nees has been "stepping out"  
with the boys since she became ac-  
quainted with Hazel Alexander.

'Tis rumored that Lylah Wiseman  
and Tubby O'Connor are going to  
open a dancing academy after their  
graduation.

Morris Safrin will enter the Barber  
College in a few weeks. (His life  
ambition).

Barnum and Bailey have offered  
Clark Hale a position as a clown in  
their circus. Newton Dodge is also  
negotiating with the circus people for  
a position in the sawdust arena.

Mr. Winslow: "We should all try to  
get music into our systems early."

Tom Gallagher: "How—by eating  
pi-no-player rolls every morning for  
breakfast?"



# Class Prophecy

By Crawford Barker

After having written 3,964 8/15 books which were returned from the Junk and Rotten Publishing Company marked, "worse than our name," I feel that I was at last well fitted to write the prophecy of the June, '19, class. As this job was wished on me, in a like manner I wish it back to the wishers who first did the wishing. Before I "let you in" on your future, I warn you to keep your seats and hold all cabbage for the finish as I have five patrols, twenty-four policemen, thirteen detectives, and six janitors under the leadership of Mr. Money to keep order. Outside, I have twenty-three ambulances, nine nurses, eight hearses and four stretcher-bearers to take care of the maimed and dead who attempt to overthrow Mr. Money's army and get revenge for my predictions.

I dedicate this to Mr. Sullivan, our noted and wayward janitor who has not been himself since the State went dry. If everybody will close his eyes I will do a little Thurston stunt and carry you forward with me twenty years.

"Illinois and Washington street, transfer to Kokomo, Tipton, Brazil, Falmouth, Terre Haute and Five Points." I looked around to see who was making all the racket, and there was John Stickle, more lanky, and thinner than he was when he graduated from Manual. After a little conversation I learned he had had hard luck, for his wife had died and left fourteen children on his hands. He had worked hard for the past five years for the street car company and by close economy and fair dealings with the company (he gave them at least  $\frac{1}{4}$  the daily receipts) he had saved \$50,000 and was promised  $3\frac{1}{2}$ c more on the month, which was to begin one year from the following Xmas. As I got off the front of the car there was handsome Louis Hensley in a stunning motor-man's outfit. I was talking to him when his wife, formerly Irene Kurman, stepped up on the cow-catcher, kissed him goodbye, and handed him his lunch. Louis turned seven different colors, and with a clanging of the bell he put his car into high for his return trip to Crown Hill, nearly running down Harry Baldauf, who was carrying a billboard, advertising Oyster Frank. I picked Harry up and buckled his sign-board back into place while he told me that Harold Naegle, Robert Marsnall, and Donald Birge were in the same business with him. I started to catacorner across the street, but was hailed by Burk Robison who was turning "go and stop" signs for a living. When he saw who I was he wanted to call the wagon, so I hopped on the running board of a passing taxi. I looked to see who was driving, and there sat Wilson Churchman. He told me he was driving for the Harry Harrel Taxi Company. Thanking him for saving me, I jumped off in front of the Park Theatre. There I bought a 34c seat (30c war tax, 4c for the seat) and walked in. Bertram Kurman was taking tickets and Art Patterson, Lowell Sparks and Harry Stillman were ushering. After moving fifteen times, the ushers finally got me in the right seat.

While waiting for the orchestra to come out, I noticed a popcorn and peanut vender, who was selling Geiger's Cream Vanilla Bars. I looked closer and saw it was Clair Ingalls, who was trying to pass a lunch check on a blind man. My attention was drawn to the entrance of the orchestra who made a quick rush for their seats and tuned up on "Turkey in the Straw." After they had groaned this out the director bowed to the audience; he was Myron Buker. He got excited and gave the signal for the raising of the curtain too soon. With my quick eye I saw three stage hands—William Bush, Russell Shew and Paul Kervan—sneak out through the wings, after knocking down half of the scenery.

Well, the show finally started. It was named "10 Nights in a Bevo Palace," given by the Red Engle Stock Company. I saw no more, for I was aroused by a harmonious discord on "Old Black Joe," as Margaret Lostutter stepped out upon the stage disguised as Little Eva, an orphan girl. William Engle, the manager, played the heavy, as Foxy Grandpa. He played his part well, considering that his whiskers fell off four times and his wig wouldn't stay straight. After a little nonsense the chorus, composed of Harriet Nichols, Edna Plaskett, Yette Rothbard, Celia Hirshovitz, Franc's McAlpin, Pearl Goldman and Caro-

# Class History

By Pauline Lewis

## INTRODUCTORY.

As censor in the E. M. T. H. S. Cadet office I came across a group of letters entitled "Us Seniors" which were written by James Agamemnon Montgomery II, to a friend who formerly attended this high school. Out of mere curiosity I read them and found they contained in a more or less complete form the history of the June, 1919 Class. It is by special permission from the authorities that I am privileged to read you these letters. I might remark out of justice to the writer, that all the foolish, sentimental—and therefore unnecessary—parts of the letters have been omitted.

Here at Manual.  
Sept. 9, 1918.

Dear Katie:

Seniordom at last! It is evident that June '19 will be a class of wonders, for even on the first day all the fortunates who have at last reached the dazzling heights were here with just oceans of "pep" and with the sole intention of making this the best year ever. Expect a note when something exciting happens.

Yours in high hopes,  
Jimmie.

Herewhereiam.  
Nov. 5, 1918.

Dear Katie:

Of course you won't ask me why I haven't written for you're aware of the fact that I've been fashionable like the rest of the Seniors and had the "flu." No school for four weeks! As I was going to say, a senior class must have officers—especially one as prominent as June '19; so on November 5 we organized under the ever-faithful guidance of Miss Knox. After the formality of reading the constitution was over, we looked around our promising organization for a president. Miss Knox, in a short but stirring speech, told us the qualifications of an efficient leader and then—history was made. When some thoughtful person said "I nominate Newton Dodge," we chartered an adding machine and proceeded to count the votes. Of course he was elected and everyone was jubilant. You remember Newt—don't you, who came here

from Quincy high school a year ago?—Newt, the basket ball and track star. He also happens to be a survivor of Manual's Co. X—those knitters of long ago. His knitting needles may be seen in the trophy case any day. Our versatile president has but one weak point. To think that he'd rather spend lunch hour at Shortridge than down here! Perhaps he goes up there for the exercise? Newt is also the proud owner of a Hungarian cheesehound which bears the inelegant name of "Bevo." We had our first out-of-town basket-ball game with the Ripple, and sent them back with a 40-2 score. Shocking isn't it? Peace was declared recently and we had one 'il celebration. Everything survived but the drum—but that didn't matter. Must glance over my dear Latin now, so

Yours with happiness,  
Jim.

In the Library.  
Dec. 5, 1918.

Dear Katie:

Startling things have happened since my last note! Yes, we had a second vacation of 2 weeks. The seniors were heart-broken. It was amusing to see how the girls rebelled against the "flu" masks. Girls are so vain. Nevertheless since we were all "knights of the midnight oil" we took our books home. Seniors are so studious! Now, Katie, a new organization has sprung into existence down at Manual under the nom-de-plume of the "Victrola Quartette." They're really a relic of the Metropolitan Opera House, but we don't dare tell them. At the first meeting of these promising warblers, Mr. John Rice, famous basketball star was elected president. Joey and Malcolm are his noble assistants, and Mr. John Bane Stickle is Lieut-Janitor. This talented foursome will make its initial bow in "Southport Sobs," a light operetta, full of pathos, which is composed, staged, managed 'n everything by the well-known Mr. Rice. This gives us something to worry about. No, it was not until December 3 that we proceeded to elect the remainder of our officers. At this critical mo-

ment in our history the Cox-Rice machine, the revival of the Bell-Parrott regime, organized to assist in the election. To our joy, Ruth Smock carried off the honors for vice-president and we chose Peggy Kern for secretary. Now, for this class of ours we knew a tall treasurer would never do, so we unanimously selected John Bane Stickle—the Little Fat Rascal—for this office. So far—so good, and now with our officers elected and committees appointed, June '19 is planning to step out as no senior class ever did.

Yours with joy,  
Jimmie.

P. S.—Marion Loutt has the "Iowa Blues."

In the Aud.  
Dec. 21, 1918.

Dear Katie:

A perfectly wonderful week! On last Friday the June '19's assembled for the nerve racking task of selecting a class color. With great eloquence the girls demanded a color of prominence—one that could be seen at a great distance, and that advertised the fact that we were seniors. The boys pleaded for cerise, begged for navy blue, demanded apricot—but all in vain. The girls just wouldn't yield; so we allowed them to select burnt orange. Of course we know now it is the only color. A battalion flag was presented recently and even the most critical girls declared we made a wonderful showing. I have been advanced to a corporal. Expect to be in charge of a company by commencement time. Manual played Columbus today. Defeated them 26-22. Talk about sky-scrapers! Gerehardt on the Columbus team made the Little Fat Rascal look short.

Yours for fun,

Jim.

P. S.—I forgot. Some noble soul suggested that the Seniors have a get-together party in the gym. To be sure it was a success! But it does make us a little jealous to see "Carty" walk away with all the girls, while we're wall-flowers. Something I almost forgot. Another bomb's exploded. There are some folks in room 10 who did not believe the Victrola Quartette furnished sufficient entertainment for the music-loving world so they organized the Agony Quartette, with special emphasis

on the Agony. Sig. Verg Gebaurer is the manager, apparently; Cecil Harmon, the very picture of tragedy, sings bass when he's in the notation; J. Clark Hale serves in the capacity of an ornament; and Benny Jordan—formerly Caruso's boot-black, is the fourth agonizer. We wish them well—this Rusty Hinge Four as Harry Herrell puts it.

Jim.

0 Degrees Centigrade.

Jan. 6, 1919.

Dear Katie:

New year's is over and "Us Seniors" have made up the entirety of our loss of sleep in the "Solid" class. Poor Mr. Sanders threatened to rebel. But you should have been at the Canoe Club and heard Carter Samson Bellenbach firmly resolve never to neglect his lessons for the girls as he has done all this year! "Carty" is a very talented person as is shown in "Court- ing in Cloverdale"—his latest literary contribution. There's a rumor out, down at school, that Maiccm and Robert recently acquired some feminine friendships down at Huntington. Oh, I must tell you about our most recent election. You know a Senior class can't go on forever without a yell leader, so we elected one. Our class detective says that Titian blonds have a wonderful ability for leading yells, so the Cox-Rice faction nominated our old friend, Byron Mathews. That ended it. Dude smiled graciously and the meeting ended with 9 for June—and we made 'em big. Nuf said.

Sincerely yours,

Jim.

P. S.—History was made today—Blanche Brattain only blushed once, and Paddy Plaskett knew her Civics.

Manual of course,  
Jan. 29, 1919.

Dear Katie:

These last two weeks have been a perfect scream. First, on Jan. 10, we enjoyed a little "hop" given by "Us Seniors" in honor of the January's. Everything turned out "grand and glorious." And to think we dignified Seniors played "Farmer's in the Well!" Can you grasp it? We were expecting some noble selections from the Victrola Quartette but Johnny took a sudden spell of bashfulness and couldn't be coaxed to sing. Last seen Tubby was in the vicinity of the



THE AERO CLUB



THE LATIN CLUB

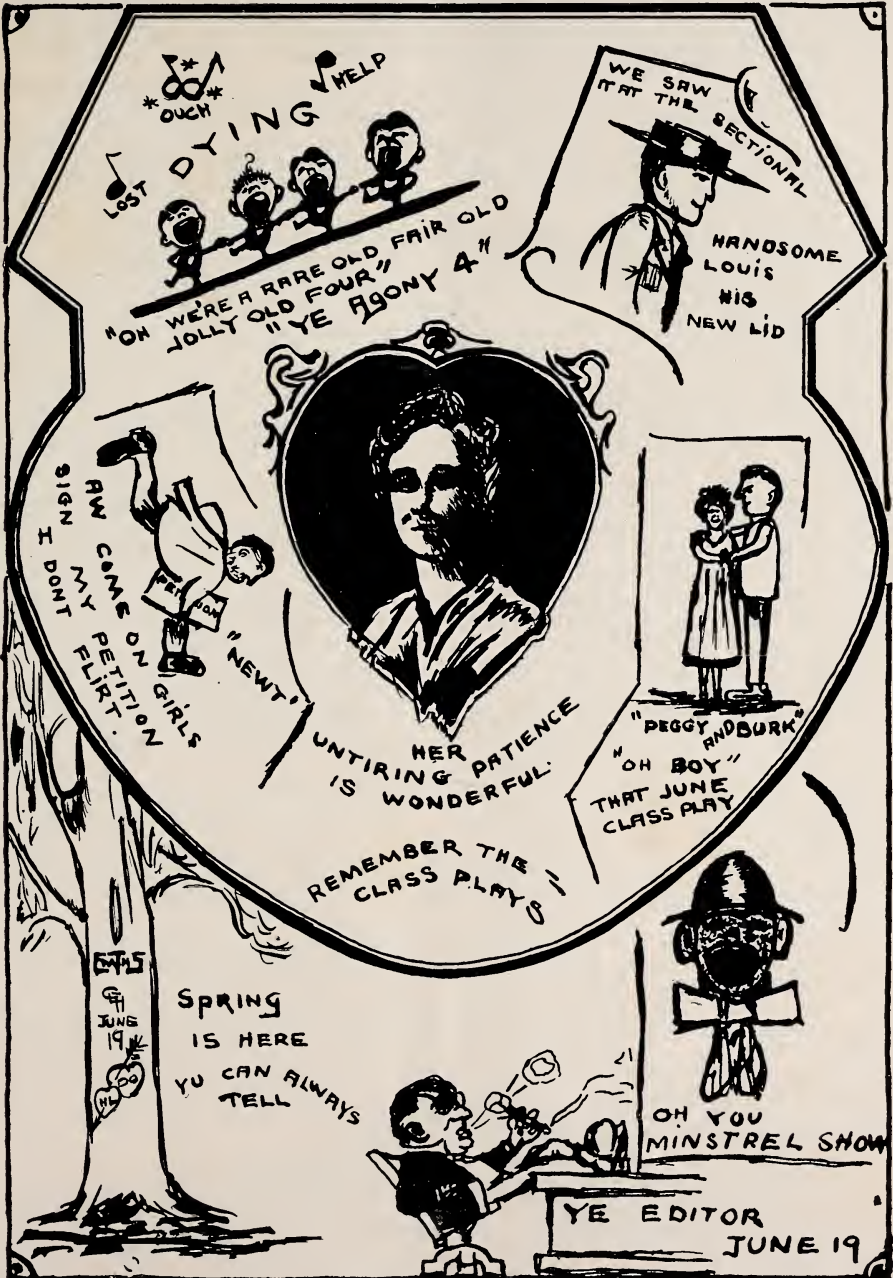


## SENIOR CENSUS

OF JUNE, 1919

Nickname—	Noted for—	Appearance—	Wants to be—	Will be—
A. Buker	Fiddling	Dignified	Violinist	Minister
C. Bishop	Pretty face	Lovely	Dainty	Designer
C. Barker	Dancing	Grand	Jew's Harpist	Comedian
L. Clark	Painted cheeks	Mostly false	Dancer	Mrs. Stickle
F. Cox	Being late	Crushing	Beauty Doctor	Democrat
N. Dodge	Wisdom	Unshaven	Athlete	Daddy
T. Engle	Ignorance	Don't look	Caruso II	Stage hand
T. Gallagher	Talking	Irish	Batchelor	Lonely
C. Herschovitz	Black eyes	Oriental	Like Theda Bara	Kitchen Mechanic
C. Harmon	Big mouth	Handsome	Man of Leisure	Shoe clerk
C. Hale	Noisy voice	Crooked	Good-looking	Fashion plate
E. Helzervling	Flirting	Stunning	Popular	Society belle
B. Jordan	Oratory	Solemn	Great	Ed. of "Life"
B. Kryter	Brains	Conceited	Married	Divorced
B. Kurman	Shiney "Putts"	Military	Officer	General
B. Mathews	Sweet smile	Short	Circus owner	Clown
J. Stickle	Intelligence	Disconnected	Collector	Poor
I. Whitney	Secret ideas	Foreign	Bolshevik	Harmless
L. Waltz	Attractiveness	Charming	Loved	Remembered
R. Williams	Appetite	Hungry	Baker	Grocery clerk
H. Wurster	Judgment	Determined	Doctor	Undertaker
P. Valentine	Hair-dress	Sweet	Movie star	Mrs. Kryter
F. Fishman	Betting	Jewish	Chemist	Rabbi
M. Lostutter	Friendliness	Indescribable	Famous	Suffragette
R. Smock	Timidity	Lazy	With Johnny	Undecided
B. Robinson	Good looks	Speedy	Traffic cop	Bell-boy
V. Gebauer	Agonizing	Diplomatic	A stranger	Justice of Peace
B. Secrest	Long ones	From Chicago	Zeke's buddy	Misunderstood
G. Keckler	Having trouble	Striking	Like Sampson	Like Barrel
H. Geiger	Big feet	Elephant	Chemist	Bootblack
D. Burge	Studying	Slick	Fancy diver	Chorus Girl
Y. Rothbard	Great voice	Sleepy	A Vampire	Teacher
E. Vickers	Bashfulness	Lonely	Aviator	Ash Man
H. Herrell	Singing "Blues"	Plutiful	Engineer	Butcher
H. Baldauf	Dates	Innocent	Big	Tailor
F. Messing	Short legs	Dwarf	Haberdasher	Dude
H. Blank	Filling space	Blank		

# EVER ONWARD EMT'S





# Class Will

By Frank Cox

We, the June, '19, Class of Emmerich Manual Training High School of Indianapolis, in Marion County, State of Indiana, being still of sound mind and memory, feeling that our remaining life is short, do make, publish and declare our last will and testament as follows:

First. We leave the school, and wish in it permanently installed, the spirit to win which it has been our fortune to posses during the last year.

Second. We leave, to grace the shelves of our library, the thirteen volumes of the great masterpiece, written jointly by Dr. Carter Sanitary Bellenbach and Thomas Aquinaldo Gallagher, entitled, "Famous Actresses and How to Get Acquainted with Them."

Third. We leave the three seats in the office regularly occupied by J. T. Rice, George Keckler and Milton Brook Secrest, to those designated by one of the guardians of our great and glorious school law, Mr. Bertram Sanders.

Fourth. We leave behind to Mr. Morrison, such men as Albert Jamison, William Wurtz, Emil Harmison and Orville Spear, and others whom he may mold into another winning basketball team.

Fifth. We leave the excess weight of the fat little rascal, J. Bane Stickle, to skinny Alex Levinson.

Sixth. We leave to Roy Geider the private graveyard in which dangerous William Engle buried the victims of his terrible knife, among them Verne K. Reeder.

Seventh. We leave the razor used by Newt. Dodge and Robert O'Conner to some one who can appreciate such a device.

Eighth. We will to Burk Robison the painting of Margaret Lostutter, entitled, "Pandora," painted by Hans Geiger.

Ninth. We leave to Glenn Kingham, the job, abandoned by the Reeder-Robison Detective Agency, of finding the persons who murdered the cherry pie at the Glossbrenner residence on the night of April 27th.

Tenth. We will to the school \$6,000,000 to pay for dishes, legs, chairs, doors, basketball black boards, the ceilings of various gymnasiums over the state, and various other things destroyed by Bob O'Conner.

Eleventh. We leave to Bashful George Glossbrenner, Mr. O'Conner's ability to get acquainted with strangers.

Twelfth. We leave to Walton Cash the filing cabinet, used by Goebel O'Nan, in which he may keep the names of the fair beauties whose hearts he has broken.

Thirteenth. We will to Crawford Barker and Vera Maple, J. T. Rice and Ruth Smock, \$5,000 with which they may take a trip to Niagara Falls.

Fourteenth. We leave J. Clark Hale's wrist watch to some good, good-looking girl.

Fifteenth. We leave to Mr. Rice also the Scanlon Memorial Gymnasium, two hundred feet long, and a small cannon with which he may shoot long ones to his heart's content.

Sixteenth. We leave to Mr. Money the monkey cage occupied by Harry Davis and Crawford Barker, and the arena used for the fights of Stickle and Royce Wright.

Seventeenth. We give Marion Loutts' entire fleet of aeroplanes and air castles to Mexico.

Eighteenth. We leave to the coming classes the loyal, hard-working sponsors—Miss Knox, Miss Burnside, and Mr. Money.

Nineteenth. We give our heartiest appreciation to the other teachers who have helped make the history of the class a successful one.

Twentieth. We appoint Mr. E. H. K. McComb executor of this, our last will and testament.

FRANK M. COX,  
Will Maker.

Things we refuse to pass on:

Continued on page 21.

First. The habit of splitting up the big Senior Family into three parts. Because it does not allow the Seniors to become acquainted. It breaks up the class spirit and causes the class to become labeled a lazy one.

Second. Al Glossbrenner's blazing tie, gaudy plaid shirt, and dreadnaught shoes.

Third. Tommy Gallagher's hot blue serge cap. It breaks too many hearts.

Fourth. The Agony Quartette. It has caused enough suffering.

Fifth. Bill Engle's tragic voice, airy manner, imposing countenance and eloquent nose.

Sixth. Glen Campbell's red baseball shirt. It's too much camouflage.

(Continued from page 11)

booked for a basketball game with the Blind Asylum. Robert Williams is coaching their debating team and has fared as well as Bob, for he has succeeded in getting a debate with the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Anna Gowens is writing stunning poems for Lew Shanks' newspaper, entitled "The Daily Auction."

Saul Robinowitz, Morris Kaplan and Fred Fishman are running a pawnshop on South Illinois street. Saul says the three balls hanging out in front signify that 2 to 1 you'll never get back what you put in. Wayne LaForge has made a wonderful success as a salesman at Kresge's five and ten-cent store, and has been made manager of the ribbon counter. His only bad habit is that he is enslaved to the intoxicating beverage known as lemon sour. August Schrader is now Scoutmaster of Troop No. 81-C6 at Rev. Hans Geiger's Rescue Mission. Robert Kryter travels in the summer with Ringling Brothers' circus, as the Hatless Wonder, and in the winter runs the Tri-City Barber College. He has five girl assistants, who are Blanche Brattain, Marjorie Kraft, Josephine Graf, Bertha Newman and Marguerite Hubert. Raphael has at last met his Waterloo in the form of Gertrude Bishop, who draws pictures for "Judge" and "Life." Pauline Lewis has worked up her one ambition and has induced the Indianapolis High Schools to introduce her history in the place of Mr. Moore's.

At this point Judge Clyde Beem passed around policeman's favorite, the noted Pittsburgh Stogies, put out by the Creamatun and Company. Each cigar band had on it an advertisement for the Royce Wright Floral Company. We all lit up and you would have thought it was the Fourth of July.

As the members of the police force in the court room were gassed by our talk and suffocated by smoke from our El Puncoes, we decided to disband and let the remainder of the class rest.

Now, you can open your eyes and examine your pocket books to see how much you lost or gained during the little beauty sleep.

(Continued from page 16)

punch bowl. That reminds me—one one told that Manual's Chief Chemist was wearing out the floor down at Marsh's. Isn't it sad? But, at any rate he isn't wearing out his welcome at a certain person's house. I'm not mentioning any names but she lives on Broadway. Well—this term is gone, and lots of good times with it; but "Us Seniors" are looking forward to an even better time next semester when we shall be in the calcium back. But—my spirits are dampened. Just got a C in chemistry.

Yours in despondency,

Ag.

Training School,  
Feb. 8, 1919.

Dear Katie:

Second semester began with usual pep. Another person of renown has entered the ranks of this class of

wonders—viz. Admiral Laurie Bass. Everyone welcomed this husky sailor—especially the well-known Miss Hirschchovitz. Tuesday we selected our class pin design—the one made by Gertrude Bishop. The arrow design only caused about ten cases of heart failure. It didn't appeal to our fine artistic sense. The latest affair was the Blanket Dance at the Odean. To be sure the Little Fat Rascal was there—so was Mildred. Oh, yes! we have our class motto now. We had one exciting time. The Rice-Cox machine, arranged artistically in the last two rows of the "aud," insisted on, "How can you miss when you take dead aim?" That might do for the Indianapolis Gun Club but for June '19 never, never. Tears coursed down the cheeks of Herbert Mertz and Harold Naegle when "Love and the world loves with you," was rejected. "To-

day, not tomorrow" was highly approved by the experienced Ruef-Kurman syndicate. So we ended it by selecting "Ever Onward" submitted by Edna Hynes. I'll tell you some gossip about Paul Ruef and Peggy if you promise never to tell a living soul. Listen—it's rumored that down to the altar they'll mope, to the sweet soothing tunes Mr. Lohengrin wrote. Deep secrets!!!

Yours in a hurry,  
James.

In the "Lab."  
Feb. 28, 1919.

Dear Katie:

Just a line between experiments. I had to tell you the news. Last Monday our political boss came into his own for we elected our own Frank Malcolm Cox, will-maker. Smiles from Elizabeth. Besides we needed a flower to grace this class—the Aaron Ward Rose. Imagine our consternation when August Schrader suggested a sun-flower! The girls insisted on Aaron Ward so—what's the use? I'm a second Lieut. now. "Newt" and Louis were promoted too. You'd never know the difference though—Louis is so quiet and unassuming about his promotion. Some more persons have stepped into the lime-light this week. "Craw" Barker for instance resigned his position as class janitor because of failing health—I mean because Vera could not stand the sight of a broom and mop. Harry Menelaus Davis was chosen for this place. A reception is under way for this new officer. The big question in Room 10 is "Who spilt the Crackers?" Poor Seniors. There's no sparkle in our eyes nor bloom on our cheeks for most of us have lived through a Shakespeare performance. Cheer up, Seniors; the "Follies" is coming.

Dramatically yours,  
Jim.

P. S.—LaVerne Ridlen is following John B. Stickle's example and is living on a diet in hopes of reducing her preponderous weight.

March 8, 1919.

Dear Katie:

We know that somewhere in the ranks of our brilliant class we must find someone to shape the destiny of each of its members. It is a well known fact that everyone admires the skill with which Crawford Barker is

planning his own future—so who could possibly make a better class prophet. (Applause). Tournament time again! Remember all those good times at Martinsville last year? The sectional was held at Tomlinson Hall. We sure were proud of our team, and when they paraded out with their red and white blankets the crowd went wild. Helen Carter got terribly nervous whenever anyone remarked about what a "dear" smile "Zeke" had. Most of the games were slow and lacked interest but the Manual-Shortridge game created some excitement. Of course we won! Foolish question. The Red and White team just pranced upon the floor and defeated them in whirlwind fashion. The Monday Echo printed the following: For Sale or Give-away: One Horse-Shoe — See Woody for particulars. Nevertheless an excellent spirit still exists between Manualites and Shortridgers as is shown by the fact that Harold Vorhees and Esther Schmidt only quarreled three times that night. Rare occasion! Speaking of celebrations, there never was anything like the one Monday when we showed our team some real school spirit. Now for the State Meet!

Yours for Victory,  
Jim.

P. S.—Some innocent "freshie" asked where Ruth Smock got her red carnation. Imagine it????

March 15, 1919.

Dear Katie:

Yes, we lost—but it took the state champs to beat us—of course! Lafayette???—that city makes you think of 'lil old New York—because they're so unlike. We'd all be having "Tombstone Blues" if we stayed around there very long. It is said that some of Bloomington's wealthy citizens were going to send their victorious team for a week's stay in Chi. So far they have reached the metropolis of Clayton. Oh Speed!

Yours in a whirl,  
Jimmie.

P. S.—Carty came to school this morning with a painfully injured hand. The stage-door blew against it last night. Our sympathy!

March 25, 1919.

Dear Katie:

Tubby looked so becoming in the green tie he wore St. Patrick's Day. And we'd never suspected he was Irish



before. Yes, we've our class pins and they are dear. Anna Gowens, June '19's mascot was recently elected class poet. Now for class play tryouts. Now, with spring here, we turn our attention to athletics. This Interclass meet at the "Y" brought out a real bunch of athletes. Seniors won, of course. It will certainly be advisable to move the fountain at any ensuing meets, for Tom Gallagher used up too much energy walking to and from his thirst-quenching expeditions. Glen Campbell in the skipping pole vault was a sight we all marvelled at. Likewise did Dick Johnson thrill us in the shot-put. Wonder athletes. Louis Hensley appeared in a new lid.

Very happily yours,

James.

Baseball teams have been organized again. This promises to be an unusual season—especially for the cardinals since they have the dignified Donald Euphronius Burge—Manual's "Babe" Ruth—for a captain.

March 28, 1919.

Dear Katie:

Just one more note before vacation. Yes, Peggy Lostutter and Burke got the leading parts in the play—that is "The Gift." Tom and Marcia have the lead in the Welch play. Louis Hensley did a great service to humanity today by handing down his Physics II notebook. That's charity in the broadest token. Dexheimer was our choice. Poor Mess and Baldy just begged for Nicholson. They have a studio at Waikiki—I mean Norfolk beach—you know. This is all—now for hikes, picnics, dances 'n everything.

Yours for a good time,

Jimmie.

P. S.—"Carty" never has been the same since he went to see the "Follies." The Eta-Bita Pie Sorority, the most disastrous organization at Manual, recently gave a recital for the benefit of the "Home for the Harmless." They introduced to the public William Clyde Beem, the famous berry-tone. His most popular pieces were "Brightwood Blues" and "In the Land of Shining Timbers." We predict a brilliant future for this member.

April 22, 1919.

Dear Katie:

June '19 follows the custom of the other Senior Classes by celebrating its Ivy Day last Friday. We planted our vine toward the north of the building and we sang and yelled enough to make any ivy vine grow—much less one planted by June '19. Then we filed down into the aud. for our programme which was very impressive. This ended our Ivy Day—June '19's Ivy Day. I ain't goin' to use bad English no more cause this is good English week. And "Us Seniors" have been selling tags and helping in every possible way to boost the campaign. Miss Perkin's class gave us a clean little play, "Almost Everyman," in which Alfred Wall, one of June '19's lady's men, was the star. The Red and White is sure having its share of victories for we not only defeated Green-castle in a debate but also won the track meet against Crawfordville and the North Side High School. Han's car was slightly crowded when it left Willard Park. We just had one good time at the dance Room 29 gave for the seniors. Marguerite says she's very fond of dark complexioned lieutenants. Must get my Trig.

Mathematically yours,

James.

May 18, 1919.

Dear Katie:

Welcome Home day and all its glory is over. I couldn't begin to tell you everything that happened. It was just glorious—that's all. Tuesday we—that is seniors—went to Tomlinson Hall to help prepare lunches. Talk about eats!! Just ask Mess about it. To be sure Tubby was there. He says the only thing as good as angel-food is more angel-food. Poor child was embarrassed to death when a piece of cake fell out of his pocket at Keith's that afternoon. Anna told us about it. I suppose Tubby has heard about "the best-laid plans of mice and men." Class play rehearsals are wonderful, they say. 'Tis said the coaches, musicians, and muses nine had one little spread Friday evening. The girls say Ida Waltz and Bertha Newman made the best punch. The goddesses had a regular feast and poor gods were slighted. They just had the best time that night and aside

from the fact that the lightning didn't come on quick enough, everything is near perfection and we know June '19 will stage the best play ever.

Excitedly yours,  
Jim.

May 20, 1919.

Dear Katie:

The last lap! Can it be possible that our Senior year is nearly over? I am quite sure, however, that if you would search this broad land over you would never find a happier Senior class than ours and now as our commencement draws nearer and nearer we appreciate more and more all these friendships we have acquired during our four years. I am sure our whole class feels its indebtedness to all those who have been so eager to promote our class activities and thus helped to make this our happiest year at Manual.

Yours with happiness,  
Jim.

Lieutenant Campbell says he has a crack platoon. We presume that he includes even the lieutenant as cracked.

But now dear readers,  
We wish you to note  
That those big-headed seniors,  
Were once in our boat.  
—Freshmen.

### Poor Newt Dodge.

#### I

It was on a moonlight sleigh ride,  
As Newt glided o'er the land,  
That he softly called her "darling"  
While he stroked her—little—rain-coat!

#### II

Newt held her little raincoat, "Oh!"  
How fast the evening flies,  
His soul was filled with rapture  
As he gazed into her—lunch-basket!

#### III

Newt peeped into the basket  
And longed for just one taste.  
There sat his little sweetheart,  
With his arm around her—umbrella.

#### IV

Newt still held her umbrella  
What a lovely little miss  
She smiled in sweet confusion  
While Newt boldly stole a—sandwich.

I like to be a senior,  
And with the seniors stand;  
A fountain pen behind my ear,  
A notebook in my hand.  
I would not be an emperor,  
I would not be a king,  
I'd rather be a senior,  
And never do a thing.  
—From Maroon and White.

Izzy Kwitney and Sam Breskin,  
Specialists in Bolshevism.

?







Hathorn Ethelred Bach.  
June 1878

